DECEMBER 1974

1974 CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS

youth MAGAZINE

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

UNTITLED
ink drawing
LINDA WOOD

Front Cover:
THE LITTLE BOY'S
WINDOW
fabric collage
ESTELLA OWINGS

Back Cover:
PORTRAIT OF
MY LITTLE SISTER
RITA NEPTUNE

A GIFT FROM YOU TO YOU

Always a source of pleasure, both
judge and to read, the Creative A
Awards issue of YOUTH continu
to be one of our most popu
issues. This year's issue is bound
be no exception! Eighty winn
have been chosen from over 16
entries, representing the creati
work of young people in photo
raphy, poetry, painting, drawi
prose, sculpture, and more!

Judging has been a difficult ta
The limitations of space make it i
possible to print many of the wort
entries received. Yet those which
appear within these pages repres
a special kind of creativity, and
unique spirit of sharing which is t
gift of youth and quite appropri
at this Christmas season.

We want to thank all of the e
trants in this year's Creative A
Awards. Without your participati
this issue would not have been po
sible. And thanks to you, we c
present a Christmas gift from yo
our readers, to all of our reade
Merry Christmas!

SONGSMITH I
ANDREA PEARSON

A songsmith,
I deal in connotations.
I do not mean the words I say,
I mean the words I mean.
The denotations are too small—they do not tell you all.
So I must find the largest word I know—
A word of power, but with a tear and a twinkle in its eye.

I've tried to tell you before, how it is about certain things—
When I sit by the brook and hold God's hand while we
Survey the universe,
Or how I like my friend like a pine tree.

But the words are unruly and ill-behaved;
Stubborn,
And when they see me coming they snigger.
("Remember last time, when she had me standing by you?
She's really quite ignorant, you know.")

Find me a word to denote
sun on a lake, and the loss a swallow shows me;
Or one that will sift together
the smell of chrysanthemums, the color of leaves,
And the blueness of sky.
Please—be my guest!
Step right up here and define me a definition
For the way I feel on a soft silver melancholy misty gray
August day
When the sun breaks through and releases
Warm raspberry air!

Point out for me a word that
explains and consoles me
In my love for a place that is mine no more;
For the loss of my special place and
My special people there.

Go ahead—reduce to lowest terms
how we laughed so hard
and be'd so silly
so much . . .

No, I deal in dim connotations,
For smiles and sighs are realities
That cannot be charted and defined.

youth magazine

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DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer

WHY THEY COULDN'T SEE THE TREES

JOHN ZIEGLER

They tell me
I should worship
Christ and the Cross (man-made).
I ask why,
and they say,
"'cause the Bible (man-made)
tells you so."
What a friend we have
in Jesus,
and so he was.
But I'd feel funny
being buddies with a god.
They tell me to
go to church (man-made)
and ask the Son to ask
the Holy Spirit
to ask the Father
to forgive me
for not fearing the Cross (man-made).
They cut down the woods (God-made),
sewered the creek (God-made),
and leveled some hills (God-made)
and built a fancy church
with a ten-lane bowling alley
and two-acre parking lot
(all man-made)!
They did this
so I'd come to church (man-made)
on Sundays,
and not take strolls
in the woods (God-made),
instead,
which aren't there
anymore, anyhow.
They "couldn't see the forest for the t
So they cut down all
the trees
and still couldn't see the Forest;
thus, they built that church
to ask Jesus
to ask the Spirit,
to ask the Father,
WHY?

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S SELF-PORTRAIT (WITH PLANT)
JAMES BRUNNER

A DAUGHTER'S MEMORIES
SHIRLEY ANKENMAN

I can hardly remember him.
The memories I have are of early years.
I remember
times when we played Chutes & Ladders,
or Monopoly, or Sorry.
I remember
riding on the tractor,
pretending to drive, and
the time he let go of the wheel.
I nearly drove us into the ditch.
I remember
the first house we lived in,
the one he built before he married.
I remember
a vacation when
I was three, and we climbed
a "mountain," a very small one.
I remember
watching him sleep in church;
hearing his cheerfully off-key
voice singing a hymn.
I remember
going to football games,
with cold fingers and toes,
eating his popcorn.
I remember
fishing, catching dumb little
sunfish on my brand-new reel,
when he landed a big bass with
a bamboo cane and a string.
I remember
his light brown, curly hair;
I got the color, my brother got
the curl and the blue eyes.
I remember
the little grin he had,
to turn on at some small joke,
and that my grandfather still has.
I have the memories,
but I can hardly remember him.

UNTITLED
ELLIE SHOUN

MY MOM
ANDREA PEARSON

My Mom's forty now, and every
once in a while she'll say
"You know, I've got to start acting more
dignified."
And then she'll laugh
And we'll kid her about being
So serious all the time
and
We play a silly game called
"margarine headache"
That we made up once and no
one else thinks is funny;
And we'll get the giggles,
Mommy Daddy Cindy Darcy Bret and
I,
And someone might even laugh
so hard they have to roll on
the floor because laughing
isn't enough
And pretty soon someone says
"remember the time Mom had to
ask Dad for the keys
'cause she—
And Mom says sh!sh!sh!
And if we read aloud from a funny book, we have to stop laughing every five minutes or so, so we can breathe, but not for long
And we still dye Easter eggs even though Bret's already in fourth grade.
And she must tell us a hundred times a day she loves us, and even though we squirm and kid her about it, I don't know what we'd do if she stopped saying so.
And she listens to all my enormous problems and makes them seem funny so I end up laughing and crying at the same time
And singing is her most favorite thing to do
And after that hugging
And only a little way down on the list is saying words like "wasps" and "copacetic" and "pulchritudinous,"
And when we were little she used to read us stories every night, two or three, and she's the best reader-aloud you ever heard.
Sometimes Mom gets sad
and says she has to lose weight
But I don't think so unless we go
shopping and she looks at all the
brown and gray dresses
And then finds the most beautiful dress
for a princess and it's pink, but it's
the wrong size—too small!
And I feel so sad,
But when I hug her I know just how far around my arms will go and everyone else is too fat or too skinny,
but Mom's just right.
And sometimes she's sad because we kid her too much about her sense of humor
But she's wrong when she's sad,
Because all my friends think she's
beautiful and so very very nice,
And so do I.

GREY WOODS
JIM SIKKEL

to my sister,
while home for Thanksgiving.

We punctured time together,
stepping through our souls,

Without concerns and routine;
removed from conscious roles.

The wooded paths intrigued us
to stroll with gentle pace.

While frosted earth lay silent,
cool breezes blushed your face.

The future held division:
the past, our childhood free.

While we were still between them
you shared the calm with me.

Bouquets of weeds we gathered,
wild sprigs, crimson and brown;

As arm in arm we rambled,
heading back toward town.

I knew you then so clearly;
you heard beyond my voice,

As if we merged our thinking
and felt as one, by choice.

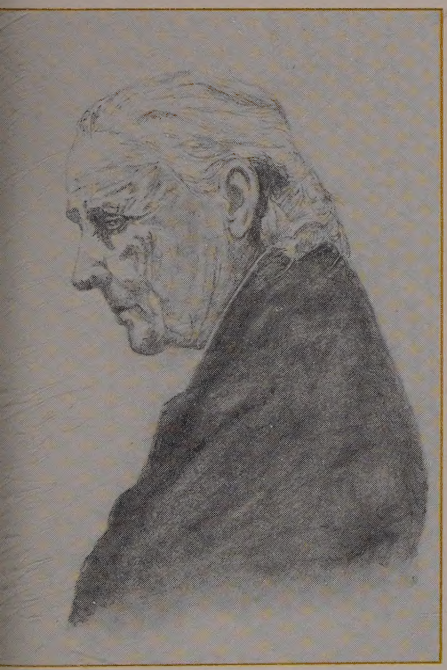
The seasons pass so quickly
we seldom seem to rhyme.

I'll meet you in the grey woods
when we are through with time.

NANCY
JAMES BRUNNER

TRADITION
MIRIAM EDELMAN

I open the book.
Someone thousands of years ago
Opened this book
And read this page—
It is tradition.
I am a Jew
It is important to me;
I belong
As did the person long ago;
I am Jew, one of the many and the whole,
a particle of sand, and the beach.
I share
with those who came before me
and those who are here
and those who will come
the customs,
the wisdom,
and the brotherhood.
I read the page
as did the person long ago
And as I read
I see the wisdom,
comprehend,
and understand.



LD WOMAN
encil drawing
HARLIE FIX

SILENCE
GEORGIA HAMMER

YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE GETTING BETTER
GEORGIA HAMMER

The boy, standing there in the rain, his thumb stuck out, his expression hopeful, looked comfortably normal. I was lonely. I skidded the car to a stop and threw open the passenger door. The boy ran up and looked in. "Where are you goin'?" I asked. The boy smiled and said, "Anywhere." I laughed and said, "Sounds like I'm goin' there, too."

He climbed in and threw his knapsack into the back seat. After that he carefully set his guitar back. "A little wet," he grinned. I nodded and started the car going forward.

"Just drifting, huh?" I asked. "Yep, like the song says, 'A wandering minstrel, I,' " he answered slowly. He sank down, resting his head against the back of the seat. I flicked a look at him, then I looked back at the road.

He turned his head and grinned, "What's the matter, don't you trust singers?" I laughed and shook my head, "No," I said, "It's just that you look too young to know that song." We laughed together and then fell silent.

The rain beat on the roof of the car and the sky grew blacker and blacker. He pulled his guitar forward and dried the strings. I glanced over and he smiled, "Mind?" he asked. I said, "Go ahead." He bowed his head over the strings and fiddled with them. "Really got out of tune in that rain," he mumbled. "Good thing you stopped or it might of been ruined." He patted the guitar and looked seriously at me, "And it's all I got," he said. "You understand that, don't you?" He looked down and stroked the guitar in his lap, then he looked out the window. "You gotta understand that."

I slowed the car and looked at him. "I think I do," I said. "Anyone can see it when you look at it. Too bad it got wet." He nodded and mumbled something unintelligible. We were silent for a while and then I spoke. "One thing," I said, "how old are you; I mean, did you run away or something?"

He turned to me, a shocked look spreading on his face. "All right," I shook my head, "I'm sorry, it's none of my business."

He smiled; he really had a charming smile. "Don't worry," he laughed, "I'm not a Runaway Child Runnin' Wild." I glanced at him. He looked totally honest. "Ya know," I said, "I believe you." He stirred restlessly in his seat and set his guitar in the back. "That guitar can't take any more," he said. "I'm glad you understand that, 'cause it'll make the next thing I say a little less strange." Once more he looked out the window and frowned. "Stop the car," he said. I shook my head and looked at him. "Did I hear," I asked, "what I thought I heard?"

He looked at me, his eyes hard. "Look at that guitar," he said.

"It can't go into the rain again." He smiled, but now it was less charming. "But," he said softly, "you can."

At this I pulled the car to a stop and turned to look at him. I stared at him questioningly. "You looked so normal," I began. Slowly h drew a knife from his pocket. "It' really too bad," he said, "that yo had to be nice." The car ligh flashed on the knife blade.

"All right," I said, "I'm going."

A BIT OF OLD AMERICA
DAVE McBETH

GULLS
acrylic painting
SALLY CRAWFORD

NEW BEGINNINGS
SUSAN FUNK

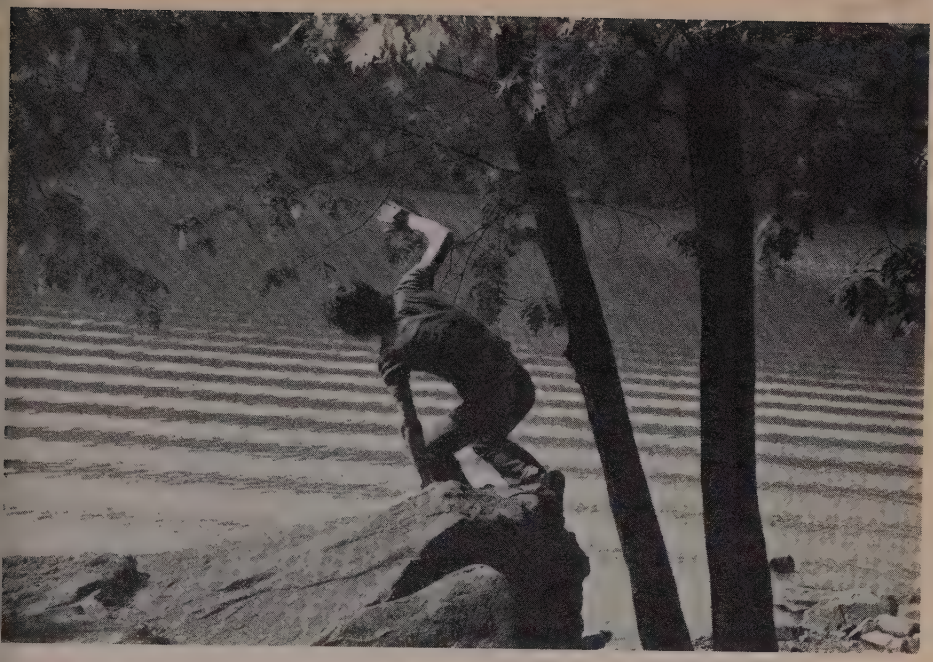
Sweet flower of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

BEACH FIRE
LARRY MAGALE

When the picnic was over, we sat by the tide and watched the
White-winged seagulls slide down the evening wind;
The stars came out above the sea and Dad gave a shout!
Let's build up the fire with wood!
Frame the dune!

We wished on the moon;
We built up the fire;
We sang while the sparks flew higher like stars of our own
Above the foam,
Till sleepy, we and the birds went home.

UNTITLED
MARY MICHEL



REFLECTIONS
ELLIE SHOUN

UNTITLED
LISA MATHIESEN

Flickering firelight,
candles
reflecting the glow
from circles of friends.
Love and laughter,
mandolins, guitars and a dulcimer
weave a tapestry of music
that stretches into the night—
a path for the sun.

SOMETHING TO PONDER FOR THE LAZY
MICHAEL BOO

A pink and blue daisy
is a daisy gone crazy

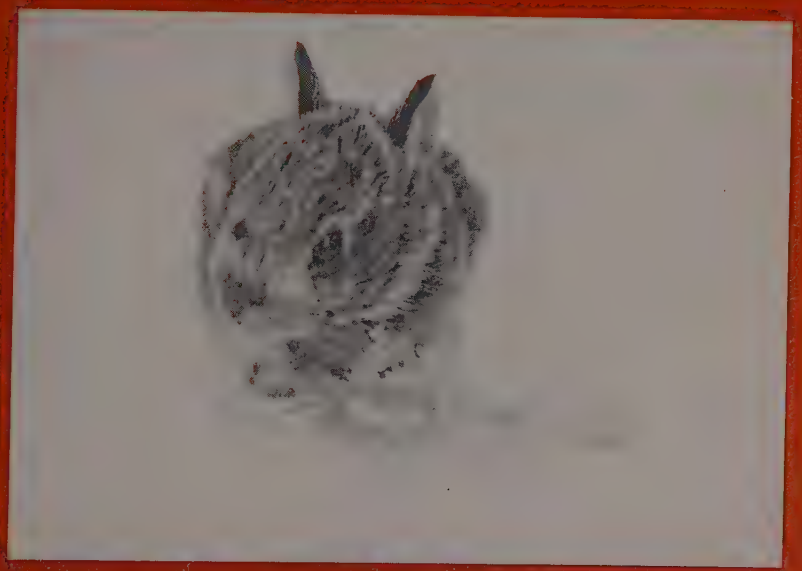
HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT . . .
YOLANDA SITJAR

AMEN
JONI ESSER

Lord, the beautiful gifts you give
No force on earth
Can rust, or burn, or chip, or dent,
Or dampen, or crush, or kill,
Or dissolve, or imitate, or cheapen,
Or mass produce in plastic.
That is quality.

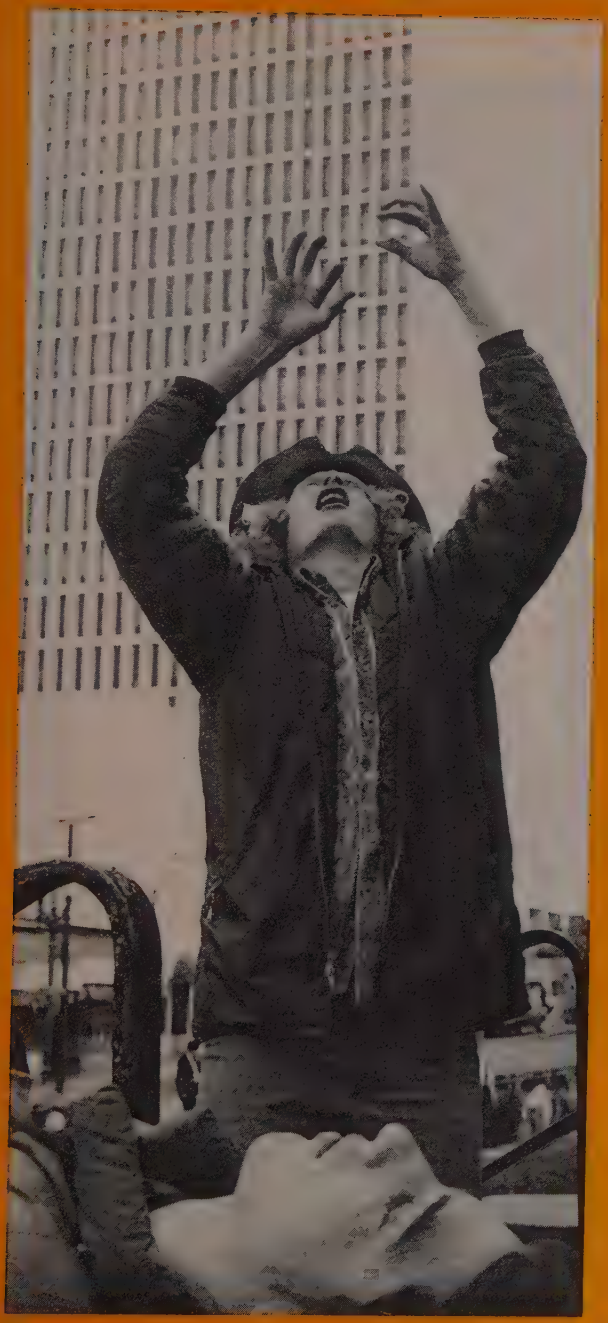
WILLIAM AND TUT
SCHUANE C. GRIFFIN

DÜRER REVISITED
SCHUANE C. GRIFFIN

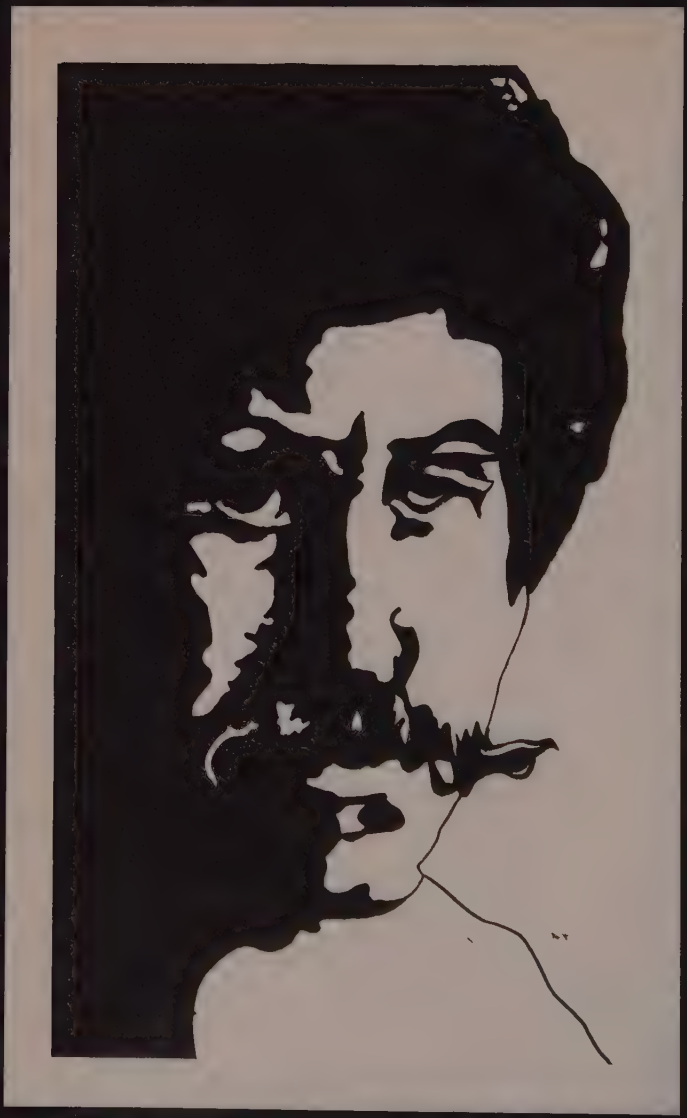


GUARDIANS AT HELL'S GATE
HEATHER McRAE PERKINS

RATTLESNAKE JAKE
HEATHER McRAE PERKINS



A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS
HEATHER McRAE PERKINS



TRIBUTE TO JIM CROCE
ink drawing
STEVEN SAWYER

NOT TO BE SANG WITH A TWANG
ANN HOWARD

The softness of the ballads
The foot-tapping of rock
The back and forth of boogie
Resembles Granddad's clock
This here is a boogie
Without much use of slang
There is only one requirement
It's not to be sang with a twang . . .

I've often heard the country stars,
Reverberating sound,
When they bring in the steel guitar
It throws me to the ground,
There come such awful cramps along
I fear I might explode,
And if I ever write a decent song
It won't go down that road.
Not to be sang . . . with a twang.

It's not that I have much against
The greased-back hair and all,
It's music in another sense,
Separate tastes to all,
But if I ever have a choice
To sell a song of mine,
I'll scream it in my highest voice
And post a billboard sign.
Not to be sang . . . with a twang.

Now I can take the boogie
Roller Coaster rock,
End it with a woogie
Because most things I won't knock
But getting down to cheating hearts
And old Kentucky land,
My gorgeous music torn apart
That's one thing I can't stand.
Not to be sang . . . with a twang.

BETRAYAL
JULIA TIPTON

When we were little, everything was right.
Trees were wide
sheltering
green.
Birds lived in them.
They arched closely over our streets.
They were cool, rich, and alive.
We climbed
ate
swung
fell.
Trees were good.
Soldiers were strong
brave
handsome.
They marched in parades.
They wore dashing uniforms.
They shot the enemy, and he died.
Instantly.
Soldiers were good.
School was inevitable
secure
a fortress.
We wrote in neat lines.
We played on even teams.
We went to the water fountain after recess.
School was good.
But the years pushed us on
And we learned
About barren housing developments.
About guerrilla warfare . . . Vietnam.
About our stifled creativity.
And now, disillusioned,
with the bare glare of truth in our eyes,
we cry
and want to go back.

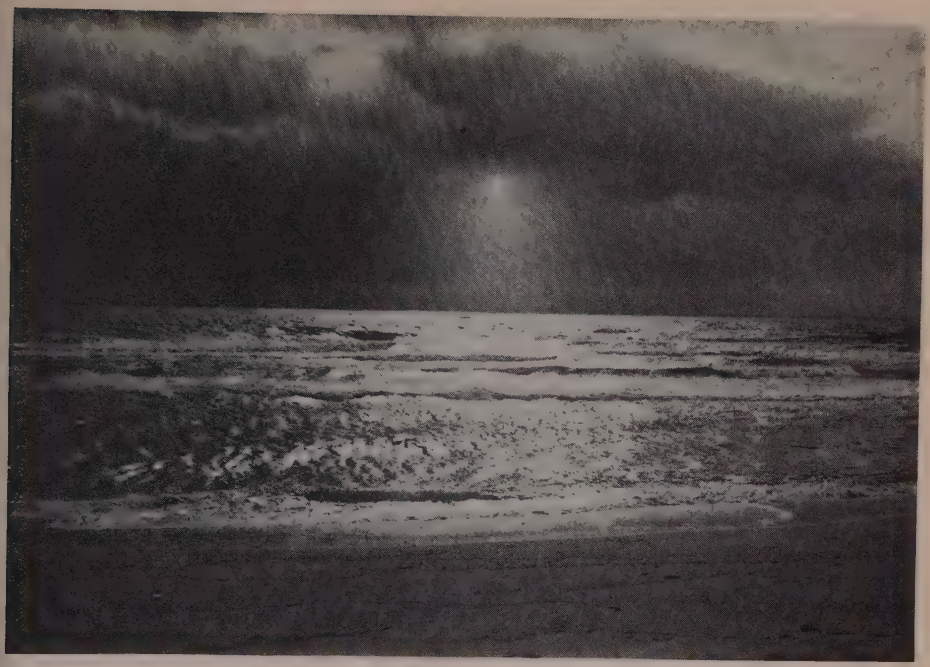
WAITING FOR THE 3:57
DAVID C. CRUTHERS

41
ELISA MEREDITH NAZELEY

I reached high above
and thrust the crescent moon between my breasts
I laughed and ran through the trees
the dazzle caught pinned at my chest
making great swooping circles of bright
the forest chuckled and hummed in my throat
I gave it dances and singings.
When I awoke, I kept the moon
secret, and went about my business
but with nightfall I reached again
and put it back, high in the nothing/everything of sky
and the best thing about it all was:
no one had even noticed that it was gone.

THE MERITS OF PECAN PIE VS. ONE LESS SMILE
ELISA MEREDITH NAZELEY

The house is filled with people, adults in the dining room and kitchen, the kids in a sort of family room staring at the fire. People continually offer us food; they are awkward as they leave the clink of glasses and scraping of forks on china, and enter the silence of the room where we sit, somberly for the most part. February is the Feast of Purification, and the orgiastic array of food shields them from the matter at hand; better to go off your diet than to mention what has gone before. Food is something about which they can safely talk, suggesting pecan pie, lasagne, Coca Cola, a special vegetarian casserole for Michael and me. We discomfit them with our refusals, and they quickly return to the reassuring cocktail chatter of the outer rooms.

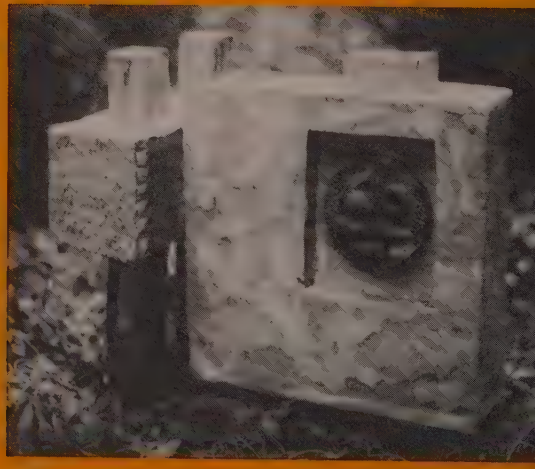


STORMY DAY
DAVID C. CRUTHERS

Mr. Arkin walks questioningly about, as if searching for an explanation, murmuring replies to held-out sympathy, shaking hands, telling us where the Coke is hidden . . . his hair is splashed in disarray about his head, his eyes behind his glasses are vague; he is kind, and I like him, never having met him before today.

Jessica has died. Michael keeps the note she wrote me thanking me for some things I sent her in the hospital, saying she'd be out soon, and would see me . . . I cannot say anything at all that would help anyone who loved her, but I refrain from passing pecan pie. If I cannot help, at least I don't have to be in the way. There is nothing to say.

LITTLE BOY
acrylic painting
JOHN LAUSMAN



SALT AND PEPPER SHAKER
stoneware
JOHN LAUSMAN

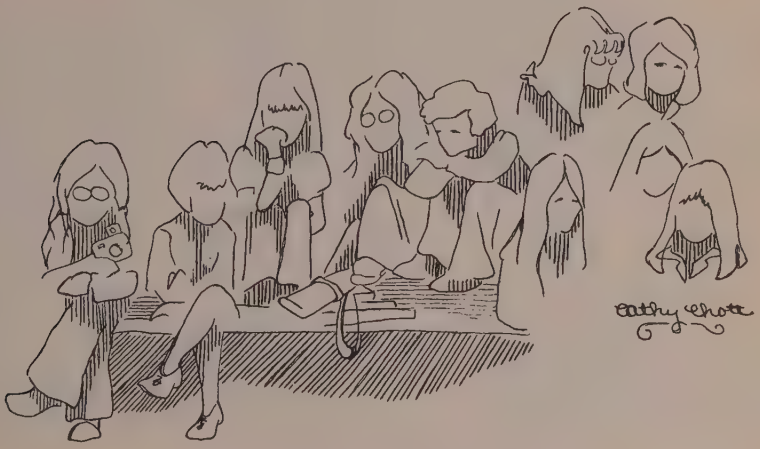
CEASE-FIRE
JIM SIKKEL

There you are sitting, pretending to read.
Here I am frowning, wondering.

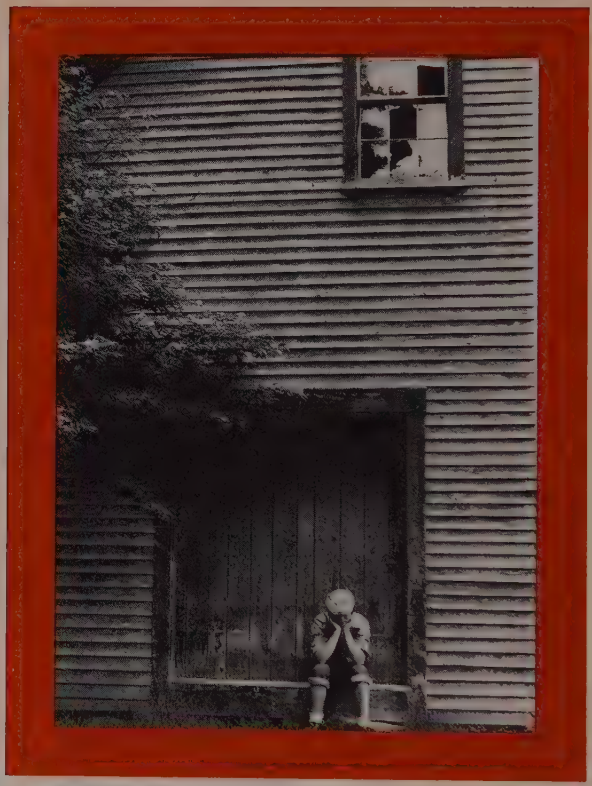
I could start it up again with just a word,
turning you away.
Or I could give in; say I'm wrong—
and ruin our trust.
Or I could kiss you, hope we'd forget (for awhile):
ignoring the basis for our love.

Or I could be calm, patient, open,
no matter how you react,
and try to discuss it without anger.
This is the hardest move for me—
but the only one for us.

I hope you'll understand.
I will try.



ASSEMBLY
ink drawing
CATHY CHOTT



UNTITLED
GEORGE LESTER

LONELINESS
VIVIAN SMITH

I talk . . .
. . . but no one ever listens
I display actions . . .
. . . but no one seems to see.
I love . . .
. . . and long for some response.
Can't people realize what they're
doing to me?

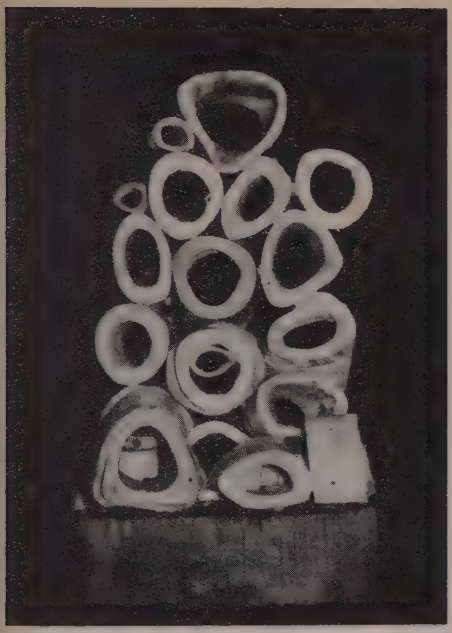
If people would listen when I talk,
Or see what I've tried to show,
Or love me when they see I love them,
This loneliness would probably go.

UNTITLED
GEORGE LESTER

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS
KIMBERLY S. KENT

Where are you?

You're not the daughter
sister
girl-friend who left home in September
It cost four thousand dollars
to change you.
Your hair
jeans
braless ways reflect the new morality
of a generation on the move to nowhere.
Where have you gone?
Classes. Exams. Papers.
You've spent only five hundred dollars of wasted time.
Does college prove
that you're too wise to learn?
Where are you now?
Your dreams follow a boy
who captured the heart and mind
of my used-to-be child.
Drinking. Smoking. Late nights. Early mornings.
All the answers I need to know
of your relationship
are echoed in suppressed thoughts.
It cost four thousand dollars
to change you.
Where are you?
Are the thoughts of a family
who once loved you
too distant to recall?
Raised on dreams of future times and places
which no longer belong to you.
You've divorced your parents
brothers
friends.
And it only cost us four thousand dollars
for the pleasure.



THE BONES
construction of bones on wood
ESTELLA OWINGS

DISCONNECTED
KIMBERLY S. KENT

I hung up my life
and lost
the dime invested
in a faceless voice.
The dial tone cried death
of a fantasy
world.
While a ringless sound
interrupted
long distance thoughts.
I shut the alphabetical listings
of unkept promises.
And paid
my overdue bill
to recorded voices.

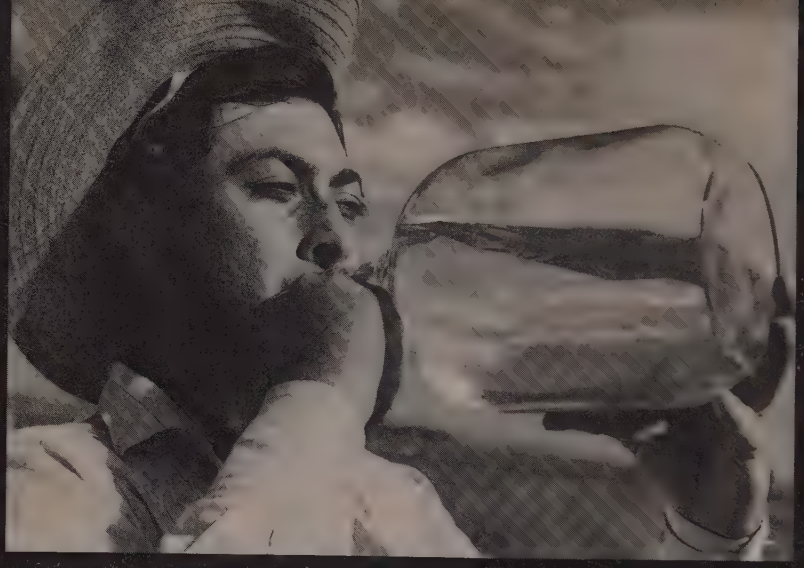
MICHELLE
SHARON DAVERN

Imaginative, humble
Smiling, pretending, understanding
Companion, friend, buddy, counselor
Handicapped, enriched, trusted
Beautiful, inspirational
Friend

MYSELF
pencil drawing
BILL ALLEN

THE NEIGHBOR
ink drawing
BILL ALLEN

WAR OF THE WORLDS PRICED
INVASION ROCK
REST HOME FOR COWS
USED BODY LOT
RIP
MEN AT WORK
PURPLE PIGMY EATER
PIGMY ROCK
BUY ME! IM ONLY 5¢

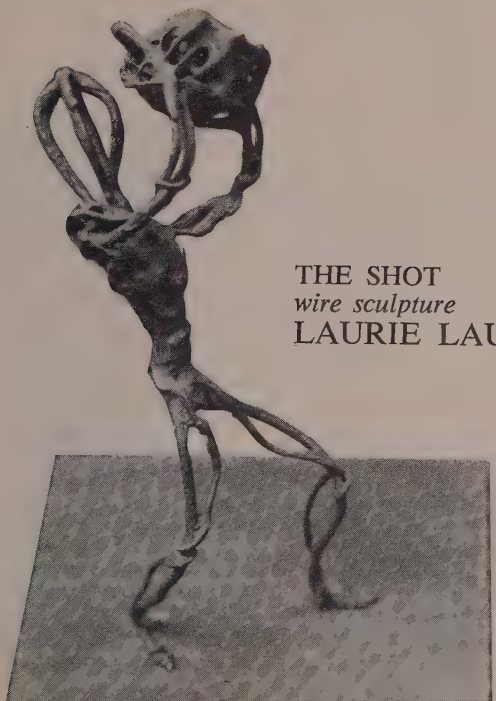


THIRST QUENCHER
SANDIE YAMAMOTO

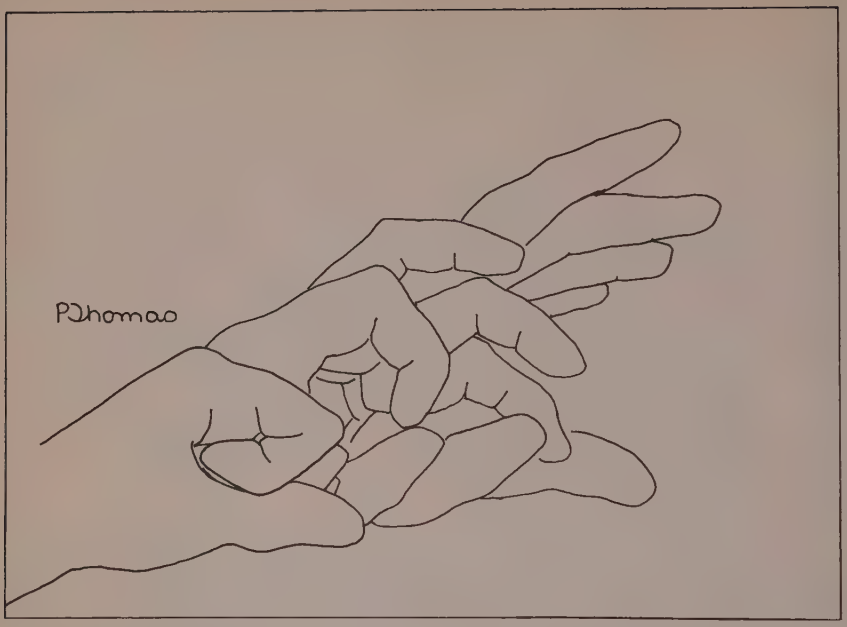
SWEAT OF THE SOIL
SANDIE YAMAMOTO

TRUCK STOP
KATHLEEN JOSLYN

Twangy country music
belches from the place
every time a fat-fingered tot
bounces out the door.
Cowboys with beer cans
in rope-burned hands
talk about the one that dumped them
in three seconds flat in Augusta.
The heat kills every ambition
but the ache for something
cold and wet,
and the greasy food and people
feel the sadness of the jukebox tears
and the rhythm
of the flies.

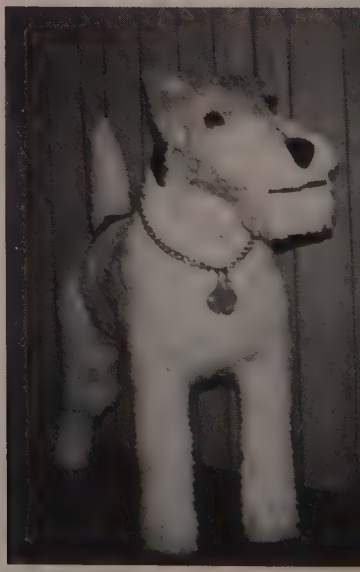


THE SHOT
wire sculpture
LAURIE LAUTERBACH



REACHING HANDS
ink drawing
PENNY THOMAS

LADY WHISKERS OF BLUEBERRY II
papier-mâché sculpture
CAROL POTZMANN



BEING INDIAN IS . . .
LISA WALKER

Being Indian is . . . A.I.M.
Being Indian is . . . Me
Being Indian is . . . crying
Being Indian is . . . laughing
Being Indian is . . . Taking money or charity from the welfare and it belonged to you in the first place.
Being Indian is . . . working your whole damn life and getting no place.
Being Indian is . . . rising with the sun and going down with the sun.
Being Indian is . . . being made fun of by your classmates.
Being Indian is . . . Great
Being Indian is . . . Hard
Being Indian is . . . Having to learn about yourself from some white man.
Being Indian is . . . being able to gulp down a bottle of wine before anyone around you can.
Being Indian is . . . hunting.
Being Indian is . . . going to pow-wows.
Being Indian is . . . getting used to having your picture taken.
Being Indian is . . . getting high.
Being Indian is . . . listening to Floyd Westerman every morning before you go to school.
Being Indian is . . . constantly being told that you are a heathen and that you better look toward God or you are going to eternal Hell.
Being Indian is . . . different
Being Indian is . . . having red power
Being Indian is . . . being proud of what you are
Being Indian is . . . being turned away because of what you are.
Being Indian is . . . being poor.
Being Indian is . . . having beautiful dark eyes.
Being Indian is . . . not having to worry about getting a suntan.
Being Indian is . . . watching John Wayne kill off a dozen of your own kind single-handed on TV.
Being Indian is . . . smoking a peace pipe.
Being Indian is . . . having a boyfriend who is white and whose parents can't stand anyone who is not white.
Being Indian is . . . trying to hang on to a dying culture.
Being Indian is . . . having a jewelry box full of beads and turquoise.
Being Indian is . . . having to make appointments in order to visit your brothers.
Being Indian is . . . being referred to the B.I.A. everytime you go to someone for help.
Being Indian is . . . always trying to better yourself.
Being Indian is . . . living in a house divided.
Being Indian is . . . sad.
Being Indian is . . . forever.

GEARS
STEVEN McELROY

PORTRAIT
STEVEN McELROY

SIR GAWAIN AND THE CAPED CRUSADER
MARGARET PURDY

In the courtly castle of fair Camelot
King Arthur had about him an army
of bold knights.
Sir Gawain was of this lot a lordly
light,
Fair of face and fiery in combat,
Well versed in every virtue of
chivalry.
This paragon of paladins travelled
the Christian path,
Wandering never, not in night or
day.
All acclaimed the courtly cavalier
Except for Agravain, his envious
brother.
Agravain was not a noble knight—
Rough and rude was he, and re-
bellious.
Knowing not the niceties of the
court,
And caring not, he loved to carp,
complain,
And whine.
His face was hard and mean,
His manners were not fine,
His courage was not keen—
He was a surly swine.
Agravain enviously hated his elder
brother
And evilly wished to work him great
woe,
But having not a hard hand to harm
him,
He hied him with great haste to that
witch,
The far famed (and as far feared)
Morgan le Fay,
To ask her assistance in an awful
deed.
Such a deed was doubtless delightful
to that dame
Who loved to harry her hated half-
brother the king,
So she agreed to aid the angry
Agravain
And perpetrate his purpose with her
pagan arts.
They plotted for fully fifteen days,
and finally
Settled upon something sufficiently
satanic.
For a month thereafter Morgan
wove her magic,
Davvening in the dead of night at
the dark of the moon
Of May.
With symbol and with spell
She wove webs of dismay,
And pints of potions fell
Extracted every day.
When all was arranged to Agravain's
liking
He bethought himself of how best
to bait Gawain
And decoy him to his dreadful doom.
He pondered for a period, and pres-
ently
An apt idea entered into his head.
He sent a letter by a lively lad,
Entreating Gawain to go to a certain
green hill,
There to meet with him to go to
Morgause their mother,
Who, he feigned, had fallen fatally
ill.
Unsuspecting, the noble knight failed
not the summons.
He hurried to horse; no hauberk did
he don,
Nor any armour, or other accoutre-
ments of war
Save his sword only, and a dagger
small.
Thus unarmoured and unwary he

SEEDS–READY TO FLY
PATRICIA AUSTIN

hastened along the road
Where Agravain in ambush secretly hid,
Equipped with Morgan's mighty web of magic
well made.
Across the path he drew it;
The trap was quickly laid.
Gawain rode right into it,
Then fast began to fade!
Agravain stood open-mouthed in stark astonishment
To see his stalwart sibling shimmer and disappear,
But his surprise was small, contrasted to Gawain's.
Through time Gawain was tumbled and twirled,
And through space, too, it seems, for when he stopped,
It was not in early England, but in our America!
The busy center of a bustling boulevard
Was where Gawain in wonder found himself.
He had not overmuch time to gape, however,
For his faithful steed in fear flung forelegs high,
And screamed like a soul in Satan's clutch.
Gawain would have been grounded but for good horsemanship.
As it was, he was hard put to it not to plummet to the pavement.
Needless to say, he was noticed by nearly everyone
Nearby.
Policemen rushed to meet him,
Their sirens in full cry.
They flocked, it seemed, to greet him;
Gawain did not know why.
To him they seemed a hostile host to be battled!
He swept out his shining sword and it flashed in the sun.
He painfully punctured an imprudent policeman or two
Before they cautiously withdrew for a quick conference.
Then one squad car slyly slipped away
While the others like hounds held the horseman at bay.
In vain he endeavored to hew the enclosed men—
His sword-strokes were useless on glass and steel.
Gringolet the Great could not clear the guarding cars
That ringed him close around; he had not room enough.
Thus Gawain was stayed, till a message could be sent
Through cop, commissioner, and telephone call,
To the mystery man of that mighty metropolis,
In whom
All placed their loyal trust
From cradle to the tomb,
For good was he, and just,
To evil bringing doom.
A telephone beeped and blinked, a butler answered,
And soon a black car careened crazily from a cave
And roared down the road in a rain of dust.
To the city it sped, with the strange ones inside.
Presently it pulled up beside the policemen
And a mighty man emerged, with a youth beside him.
Goodly was their garb, but Gawain thought it strange,
Though not as strange as the suits

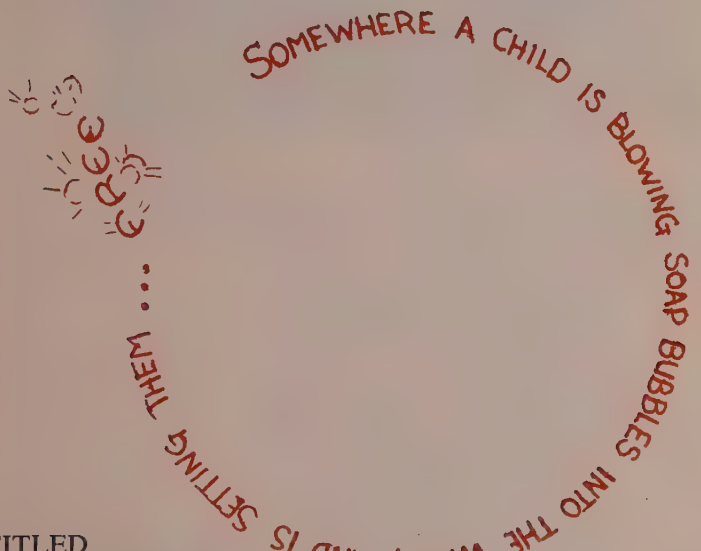
PROGRESS
GEORGIA HAMMER

of the police.
Gawain remarked that room was made for this regal figure,
And cleverly concluded that this was a courtly lord.
Thus he deftly dismounted in deference to him;
Speaking fluently in fair and flowery phrases,
He introduced himself, and inquired the names
Of the masked man and his young minion.
The "lord" rightly responded, "This is Robin, and I,
Batman.
I much would wish to know
The stratagem or plan
That brought you hither so.
Please tell us if you can."
Gawain said, "Gladly, but I can only guess;
This astonishing event was not my intention.
'Twas some spell, I suppose, that sent me here
Beyond all cognisance of kith and kin.
I have an idea that Agravain had a hand in it.
Beyond that I have no knowledge, noble Sir Batman."
"This puzzles me properly," said that person.
"I invite you to abide with me awhile,
And stay till we strike upon a solution to this problem."
Gawain gladly accepted his gracious invitation.
He travelled on horse to the home of his host,
And accepted being blindfolded at Batman's behest.
He marvelled at the many machines
—magic he thought them—
But over that he was enormously impressed by Batman.
He asked about this man's aims and aspirations,
His life, his loves, his guiding lights and his dreams.
The answers astounded him, for they were not unlike
His own code of courtesy and continence,
Bravery in battle and obedience to Christ.
With conviction now he called the Caped Crusader, "sir,"
And when the masked man modestly demurred,
The cavalier courteously contradicted him, saying,
"But yea;
Though you deny knight's title,
You are one, by my fay,
For all the virtues vital
You practice every day."
After hours of assiduous architecture
And prudent planning and preparation,
A mighty machine was manufactured
To send Gawain spinning back through space and time.
They tested and tried it as well as they could contrive to,
Till they judged the feat fairly feasible.
Then the bold knight bid Batman farewell.
"God hold you in his grace," he said gravely.
"Until in His heaven we meet again,
I bid you fond farewell, my good friend,
Sir Batman." But the bold one shook his head;
"My true name I'll tell to you. It is Bruce Wayne."

RUSSIAN RIVER SPLENDOR
DAVID DONDERO

"Then Gawain and Brucewain be
brothers," said the brave knight.
"Be it so, that the centuries shall not
sever us."
Batman nodded acknowledgement;
no words would come.
He perfunctorily pulled a lever, and
Gawain passed
From sight.
"I hope it works," he said.
"I pray to God it might.
I would not wish him dead;
He was a noble knight."
Again Agravain stood in awe and
amazement,
For though Gawain had faded, he
now formed once more
With a shocking scowl on his stern
face.
The craven knight quailed and
cowered,
But Gawain's gimlet glance caught
and held him.
He sprang from his steed and drew
sword swiftly.
Agravain in terror trembled and
tremulously begged mercy,
But Gawain had scornfully cast his
sword aside already,
Not deigning to demean it by dyeing
it with dastard blood.
Instead with bare hands he gave his
brother a beating
As he had learned how from his
friend in the future.
Agravain howled in agony, but could
not escape
Till Gawain permitted him to per-
ambulate painfully
Away.
Gawain called, "Let this be
Your lesson for the day;
To meddle not with me
In such a knavish way."

FINIS



UNTITLED
LUCY YEOMANS

BURSTING BLOSSOMS
scratch board drawing
JANET AHLSTROM

MOSQUITO
DAWN HAMMOND

Wings unseen, her tracework body
Bounced upon the summer breeze
Hovered under twilight trees
Bobbing close to sweated people
Brushed skin with her whispering tongue
Then dipped away, her dinner done.

AUTUMN TREE
SEAN LAWRENCE

a thousand tiny
goldfish shimmer as they turn
their backs to the sun.

FLORIN
pencil drawing
CHRISTINE FERREL

SUNSHINE AFTER THE SNOWSTORM
JIM SIKKEL

shoveling crystalline snow
  on a cold, crisp, blustery morning
returning to our warm, sunny home
  to sip tea with honey
  and chat, with doughnuts
in a wicker rocker
  by the fire

ISOLATION
LISA MATHIESEN

Isolated
long halls
pale walls
raucous bells
familiar smells
and shells
of people passing
from class to class.
Sometimes I wonder
if knowing how to solve for X
is really that important
but if that isn't reality
then what is?

The other morning
I sat on a bench
and watched 1100 people
distribute themselves
(with well programmed obedience)
into 45 classrooms
in 5 minutes,
(a true miracle
of modern education),
and at the same time
convinced myself
that I was completely
invisible.

UNTITLED
STEVE ECHELMEIER

EARLY MORNING PROGRAMMING
SHIRLEY ANKENMA

Echoing loneliness

barren walls

KC, Mo., bus depot

four a.m.

a quarter in the tv

nothing but a test pattern

hate to waste twenty-five

cents

so watch anyway.

REUNION
NANCY DUCKERT

It was back in "fifty-four"
When they were last together.
It's funny now because
They had vowed to have a
Reunion every other year.

But then Mike had gotten married
And George went overseas
And the five other men
Had their lives to live too.
But they were all together now.

Oh, there had been a few letters
With promises of "Let's meet somewhere."
But things kept coming up.
And set dates were postponed
Time after time.

Finally, after many years
Here they were.
Six of them sitting in
Chairs amongst many others
And Mike laid up in front.
Reunited.

UNTITLED
SUSAN ECHELMEIER

AGE
LAURA SIDDALL

I turned 13 today, and yet I still look the same as I did yesterday. I still feel the same, I worry too much, I don't work hard enough and I love to be with my family and friends.

Nothing is different, except now people treat me like I'm suddenly grown up, they act as though I'm smarter and more mature than before.

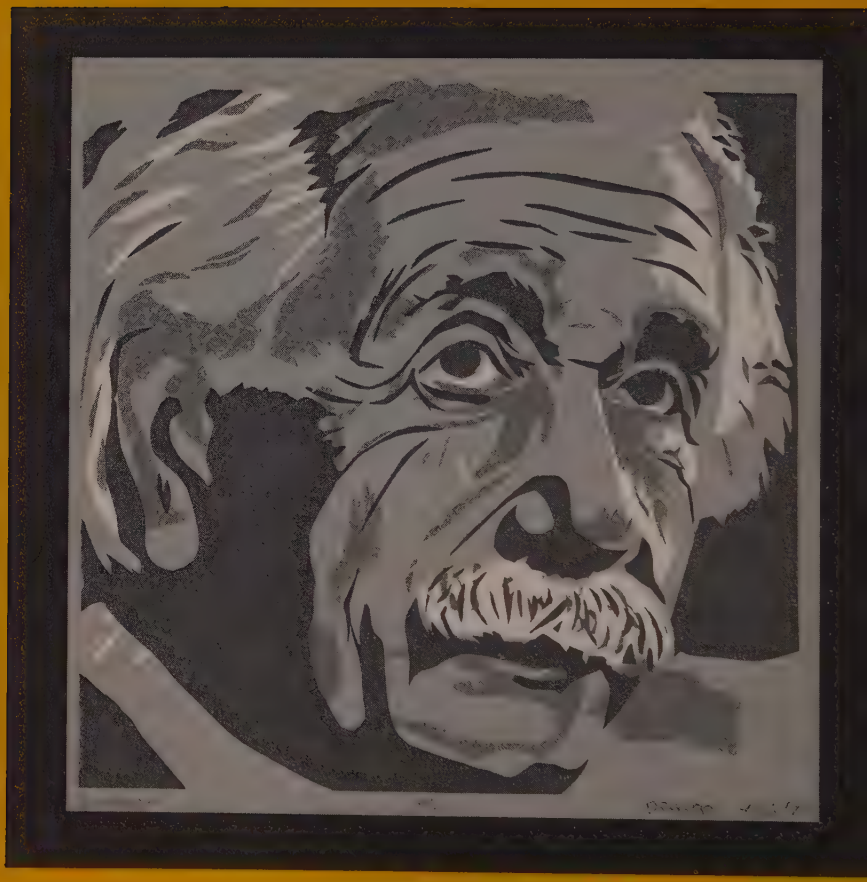
I don't understand why one day should make me so much older, it's just another day. I'm still confused lonely and afraid of the world.

Why is it that I must be a "teen ager" or "13"? Why can't I just b me?

NUMBERS
ERIKA (RUSTY) HEINRICH

Numbers, numbers all ajumble;
My pencil and I do nothing but fumble.
Quadrisection, quinquesection, fractions and zeroes,
I sit and I look at all my math heroes.
Over there my friend fewness tells me why.
He won't get involved with my friend
multiply.
Bisection, trisection, duplication and unity,
Are a few things that tend to age our
durability.
The signs say multiply, the signs say
divide.
All of these things make me want to
run and hide.

GAZING
ERIC BEDELL



$E=MC^2$
silk screen print
HANK DRAGOO

UNTITLED
SUSAN L. STRAIGHT

I wanted once
to write a poem
without meaning:
a pleasing collection of words
that meant
nothing
So I wrote the poem
without meaning
and showed it to my friends
And when I asked them
what they thought
they nodded wisely at my poem
and solemnly agreed
that it was Significant
and Deep
and totally
Relevant

46

JANET R. AHLSTROM, 17
Braham, Minn.
"Bursting Blossoms"

My picture was a project for an art class in my sophomore year of high school. It's simply a composite of many of the figures that I unconsciously scribble on books and papers. In the future I would love to design greeting cards, wrapping paper, wallpaper or fabric motifs.

32, 33

BILL ALLEN, 17
Indianapolis, Ind.
"Myself"
"The Neighborhood"

For as long as I can remember I've had a natural interest in drawing, and boring school classes gave me plenty of practice. I get great satisfaction out of doing a funny-looking cartoon or a well shaded picture, I love to work with paints and blend colors. My entry "The Neighborhood" was inspired by a school project where we had to create ten original cartoon characters. The reason I drew a self-portrait was that I feel faces are the easiest things to draw besides imagination. This gave me a chance to draw eyes —they're my favorite. Another factor that caused me to do myself was that no one else would pose for me.

6, 48

SHIRLEY ANKENMAN, 18
Norton, Kans.
"Early Morning Programming"
"A Daughter's Memories"

My work tends to reflect my life —things I do or see. Observing people and the manner in which they react to each other and to everyday occurrences supplies me with thoughts. Thoughts, in time, metamorphose into poems. Writing is an experience for me. Only rarely does the mood hit me, or a phrase come to mind, but when that does happen, there's room for nothing but descriptive words and phrases until the work is finished. Fortunately, an average-length poem takes perhaps ten minutes to half an hour to complete.

40

PATRICIA AUSTIN, 17
Forsyth, Mont.
"Seeds—Ready to Fly"

I've been quite interested in photography ever since I was in grade school. I have done most of my work through 4-H and have my own darkroom. Small things, like "Seeds—Ready to Fly" have always fascinated me. I enjoy taking pictures of such things.

51

ERIC BEDELL, 16
Watertown, Conn.
"Gazing"

I often find my pet dog an ideal model for some of my photography. Usually, I catch him at times when he is quite aware of the camera. This photo is very different, though He was unaware of my presence. He was very contain in gazing into the treetops, watching squirrels, one of his favorite pastimes. In the photograph he seems to be envelop by the bushes, which intensifi his interest in the trees.

16

MICHAEL BOO, 18
Steger, Ill.
"Something to Ponder for the La

I enjoy writing poetry since t many different poems I've written, when taken together give me a kaleidoscope pictu of my many temperaments. T mood I'm in inspires what ki of poem I write. Some are blatant condemnations, some satirical, and others are ridiculous just to give me a laugh and to make me feel better after I think about the things that caused me to writ my condemnations and satire

JANET R. AHLSTROM

ERIC BEDELL

BILL ALLEN

MICHAEL BOO

SHIRLEY ANKENMAN

PATRICIA AUSTIN

5, 8

JAMES BRUNNER, 19
Collegeville, Pa.
"A photographer's Self-portrait"
"Nancy!!"

For two-and-a-half years I have been developing my interest in photography. I believe that photography is a very expressive communicating medium; that it portrays feelings of beauty, hope, frustrations, love, anger—the emotions of life. Photography, to me, is a medium where both the abstract and the realistic can be expressed. The beauty of photography is that a casual view of the surrounding environment is not possible. What the photographer sees through the camera—whether it be beauty or ugliness—that mood is captured on film.

27

CATHY CHOTT, 18
St. Louis, Mo.
"Assembly"

My father began teaching me how to draw when I was two, and I have been interested in art ever since. I began taking formal art classes in high school. I draw whenever I have a chance. I hope to go into the field of Graphic Arts.

MES BRUNNER

13

SALLY CRAWFORD, 16
Salisbury, Md.
"Gulls"

I have always been interested in art and therefore have taken many art courses. During my senior year I took a night course in acrylic painting at a nearby college. Our first assignment was a monochromatic painting of any subject. Living on the eastern shore of Maryland, and vacationing at Newport, R.I., I see a lot of seagulls. Also, the college mascot is the gull. So, I chose the seagull as my subject and painted it in yellow, my favorite color.

23, 25

DAVID CRUTHERS, 19
Norwich, Conn.
"Waiting for the 3:57"
"Stormy Day"

I have been interested in photography for quite a few years, but, as I found out this past summer, the best way to get into photography is to take a course and learn darkroom operations. This is the best way to get something more out of it than just pushing a button. "Waiting for the 3:57" was taken at the Mystic, Conn. train station. The trains still stop there, but the station has been closed for quite a few years.

CATHY CHOTT

31

SHARON DAVERN, 13
Manhattan, Kans.
"Michelle"

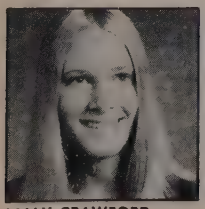
At the time I wrote my poem, it was something better to do than English and a challenge. Now, it's a kind of special thing, because it's about a special person. Michelle Lynette Langdon is who inspired my poem. She is my best friend and has been ever since I was five. But Michelle isn't just a best friend—she's different, she has a birth defect, her arms were not fully developed due to thalidomide. She's rather remarkable; she can do most anything anybody else can do, and those she can't are made up for through things which she can do and most other people can't. I feel I'm honored to have such a person as a friend.

44

DAVID DONDERO, 16
Orinda, Calif.
"Russian River Splendor"

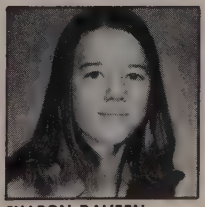
This photo was taken on an early January morning. I was driving home from a campout farther up the coast, and when I came upon this, I knew I had something. It was the natural composition that struck me more than anything. This sort of "creative expression" is more fun than work. One gets a real sense of excitement in the darkroom when he turns on the light and sees a print like this lying in his fixer tray. It makes one glad to be into such a hobby. Though I've only been in photography a short three years, I've spent many long hours in the darkroom working on technique.

DAVID DONDERO



SALLY CRAWFORD

DAVID CRUTHERS



SHARON DAVERN

52

HANK DRAGOO
Indianapolis, Ind.
"$E=mc^2$"

My great admiration for Albert Einstein's outstanding knowledge in science and physics is the reason for attempting to capture his look of intelligence in a single print. I believe that creative expression is the showing of a person's feelings or thoughts by their own method. This could be in any field of art —painting, drawing, singing, or even writing. Any positive contribution in a society such as ours is an example of creative expression. Although other prints I had seen were most appealing to the eye, I felt that, if used to its fullest, this method of art could be not only beautiful, but also highly detailed.

49

NANCY LYNNE DUCKERT, 16
Waukesha, Wis.
"Reunion"

Everyone needs some way to express herself or himself. Mine just happens to be writing. The mood I'm in when I write, determines how and what I write. Emotion plays a big part.

48

STEVE ECHELMEIER, 16
Higginsville, Mo.
Untitled

Photography came to me overnight when I was asked to become a school photographer. In little time it became my medium of artwork and expression. Photography gives me the chance to share my visions, express my emotions and to show life and its meaning as I see it through my eyes. I make my goal to be, as in one of Elton John's songs, "the artist who paints with his eyes." The photo of the doors struck me as a feeling of simplicity, and the contrast of the one window among the doors expresses nonconformity.

50

SUSAN ECHELMEIER, 18
Higginsville, Mo.
Untitled

I shot this photograph at the Missouri Conference United Church of Christ Camp. The scene is characteristic of the contentment which I often experience in church camping programs.

9

MIRIAM EDELMAN, 13
Manhattan, Kans.
"Tradition"

My poem was written on the occasion of my Bat-Mitzvah, ceremony in which the Jewis girl conducts the service and reads from the Torah, th book of law. For me, writing is a way of expressing mysel without boundaries to restrict my freedom.

16

JONI ESSER, 16
Clearwater, Fla.
"Amen"

Because comparatively few people enjoy writing, creative writing is unique. I take prid in creating something never s before. Creative writing will always be fresh and alive as long as there are people who see the future as a promise.

HANK DRAGOO

STEVE ECHELMEIER

SUSAN ECHELMEIER

MIRIAM EDELMAN

NANCY LYNNE DUCKERT

JONI ESSER

47

CHRISTINE FERREL, 17
Walla Walla, Wash.
"Florin"

A devoted admirer of hobbits and the genius of J.R.R. Tolkien, I have tried to offer the viewer a glimpse into the world of fantasy—a world unnoticed, unseen and unfelt by those who lack the imagination to explore it. "Florin" is an attempt to convey my love for fantasy to the observer.

9

CHARLIE FIX, 15
St. Clair, Mich.
"Old Woman"

I've been interested in drawing and other fields of art all my life. Whenever I'd see something that really attracted my attention, I'd draw it. I like to draw things, mostly faces, that say something or tell the type of life they've led. The more detail the subject possesses, the more I like to draw it. And I think that everytime I draw something, I add a little bit of me.

CHRISTINE FERREL

13

SUSAN FUNK, 16
Topeka, Kans.
"New Beginning"

I like to think and search out ideas in the stillness at night before I sleep. Poetry is a way of planting these scattered seeds of thought together in a garden—to be explored and enjoyed by all who pass by. It spans time and distance to link writer and reader in a common bond of humanity.

SUSAN FUNK

CHARLIE FIX

17

SCHAUNE C. GRIFFIN, 17
Valdosta, Ga.
"William and Tut"
"Dürer Revisited"

Photography is a medium of self-expression that I have just discovered this year, and I found it to be more than a study of techniques. For the last quarter of my senior year I was enrolled in a Photography Independent Study Course. During this time I also became the photographer for the school newspaper. Black and white film became for me a challenge and a joy—with it I could see the world by textures and lights instead of by colors. I could also stop time—preserve memories of emotions and times in tangible form. A young wild rabbit, found and nursed by a friend in the school art department, is the subject of "Dürer Revisited." The softness of the development, which I deliberately stopped before the print darkened, suggests to me the soft and hazy outlines of all young worlds, with reality only suggested by the fern leaf. "William and Tut" is one of my few humorous shots, as I find it difficult to get a "funny" picture. The humor lies in the contrasting expressions: my brother's face is a mixture of pleasure and pride over his cat, and the cat has a look that is utterly blasé, as if to say that it's all rather beneath him, and in any case, just what is this boy doing to his ears?

SCHAUNE C. GRIFFIN

10, 42

GEORGIA HAMMER, 18
Castro Valley, Calif.
"Silence"
"Progress"
"You're Not Getting Older, You're Getting Better"

"You're Not Getting Older . . ." is a photograph of my grandparents. They're part of a senior citizens' group which was having a program I photographed. My grandparents are really alive and on top of things, and they enjoyed being photographed as much as I enjoyed taking the pictures! For the photo "Progress," I just liked the way the building in the center looked surrounded by the other buildings. My boyfriend had to hold me up so I could take that shot! I just got into photography last year at college and really enjoy it. I feel that I can express myself better through pictures than with art work, and would like to someday do a photo essay interpreting passages from the Bible.

46

DAWN HAMMOND, 16
Somers, Conn.
"Mosquito"

Writing is a means of release for me, and the art through which I can best express myself. I've liked to write ever since I've known how, but it's been especially important in the past few years. "Mosquito" was written to satisfy an assignment in an English class. We were asked to write a verse presenting an unpleasant creature in a pleasant way.

51

RUSTY HEINRICH, 15
Squantum, Mass.
"Numbers"

I wrote "Numbers" because I was frustrated with my algebra teacher and myself. No matter what way she explained a certain math problem, I still couldn't understand how to do it. So I took my aggressions out on paper. I find that I can write best when I feel uptight, sad, angry, super happy or just because I want to. Sometimes the pen picks itself up and starts writing a story, poem, or song. I read what the pen has written and the results are sometimes startling.

21

ANN HOWARD, 16
Defiance, O.
"Not to be Sang with a Twang"

My words emerge in various forms: essays, lyrics, poems, globs, etc.; my major love being lyrics. I started song writing two years ago in a class called "Poetry of Folk and Rock Music," where I decided, on a dare from a student teacher, to attempt writing an album of my own. I wrote several sets of lyrics, and since then have continued.

35

KATHLEEN JOSLYN, 17
Great Falls, Mont.
"Truck Stop"

I began to write when I took a creative writing class in seventh grade. I realized then that writing in general, and poetry in particular, is a useful and gratifying form of expression. Poetry tells what most people leave unsaid. I wrote "Truck Stop" because no small Montana town I have been to has been without one. They're greasy, smelly, depressing, and strangely appealing. They always seem to reinforce the melancholiness in a traveler.

30, 31

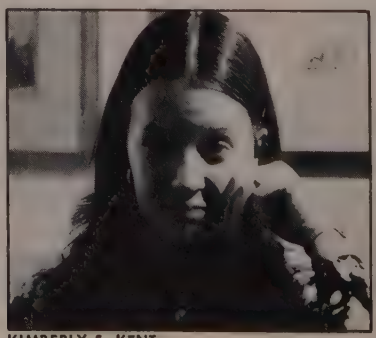
KIMBERLY S. KENT, 19
Alexandria, Va.
"Four Thousand Dollars"
"Disconnected"

Through my poetry I try to share a part of myself with other people. I invite them to join in my search towards understanding each new dimension of life. Gently bringing into focus all the hopes, ideals and expectations experienced every day. I realize that every poem can't touch every reader, but if I can reach just one person through a single word it was well worth all the pain it took for it to ever become a poem.

DAWN HAMMOND

RUSTY HEINRICH

GEORGIA HAMMER



KIMBERLY S. KENT

ANN HOWARD

26

JOHN E. LAUSMAN, 17
Mt. Clemens, Mich.
"Little Boy"
"Salt and Pepper Shaker "

Art is my way of expressing myself. I always have and always will enjoy it. I like working in many media of art, and each one of them offers special challenges and problems. That is what art is all about—learning how to control the problems in each medium. I will never be able to completely understand each one, but as long as the challenge is there, I will keep trying. "Little Boy" is a painting of a young child sitting on some steps on a hot summer day. Only part of him and the steps are painted. You are left to fill in the rest of the scenery as you think it should be. "Salt and Pepper Shaker " is a piece of ceramics I really enjoyed doing. The title is a little strange, but it has no meaning behind it. One day it just reminded me of salt and pepper shakers, so that is what I called it.

35

LAURIE LAUTERBACH, 15
St. Paul, Minn.
"The Shot"

A teacher I had in junior high got me interested in sculpture. My brothers are great basketball fanatics which inspired this work. Sculpture is for me a fine way to express myself.

47

SEAN LAWRENCE, 18
Troy, O.
"Autumn Tree"

I write because I can put myself on paper and hopefully reach someone who will see himself or herself. I write because I enjoy expression.

28, 29

GEORGE LESTER, 16
Westwood, Mass.
Untitled
Untitled

I think that photography can be a very personal medium. Many of my pictures contain a special meaning to me that other persons wouldn't see. However, they might see something special in it for themselves, or it might just be aesthetically pleasing to them. The photo of the boy sitting on the step of a barn was taken while on a canoe trip on the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. The boy, a friend of mine, just sat down there, and I noticed that everything was perfect for a nice photograph, so I took it. The picture of the house is one of some tenements that I thought made an interesting pattern when looked at from directly in the front.

12

DAVE McBETH, 16
Plainfield, Ill.
"A Bit of Old America"

I enjoy nature very much. I found that the best way to remember God's beauty is to take pictures. The idea for the picture came when I learned that the township road crew was planning to destroy that bridge and replace it with a concrete monstrosity. Nature is the most important resource God has given us. My hope is that more people will go hunting with a camera than with a gun!

38

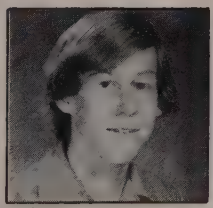
STEVEN McELROY, 18
Alturas, Calif.
"Portrait"
"Gears"

I became interested in photography in a class I took in my junior year of high school. In this class we took and developed our own photos. On all of these photos I was partially prepared for the effect I received. I really cannot say what inspired me to take these pictures. I like to think God played a large part in it. All I hope is these photos will inspire someone else or give them a good feeling inside or bring back a good memory.

JOHN E. LAUSMAN

SEAN LAWRENCE

DAVE McBETH



GEORGE LESTER

LAURIE LAUTERBACH

STEVEN McELROY

KATHLEEN JOSLYN

14

LARRY MAGALE, 13
San Diego, Calif.
"Beach Fire"
The way I made the poem was I was sitting in my room thinking about a picnic and tides, stars, and gulls, and I put them all together.

15, 48

LISA MATHIESEN, 17
Petaluma, Calif.
"Isolation"
Untitled
I've spent the last week-and-a-half trying to figure out why I write poetry. No luck. It's just something I do. My untitled poem is about a night I spent at a party with some people I love and don't get to see very often. "Isolation" was written in two parts. The first half popped into my head one afternoon on the bus, but I didn't get around to writing it down until the experience described in the second half happened a couple of weeks later. The two clicked together, and "Isolation" was the result.

LARRY MAGALE

LISA MATHIESEN

ELISA MEREDITH NAZELEY

14

MARY MICHEL, 16
Ventura, Calif.
Untitled
Developing an interest in photography came about pretty slowly. I started taking the camera along to the beach or the mountains and shot pictures of anything I liked. Accidentally I got some good photos and this made me want to learn how to use a camera. Now I'm in the process of combining my knowledge with some creativity. I really enjoy photography because I can get so much more out of hiking or rock climbing by taking photos. It's like having a "third eye"—it makes you notice things you would never see, like a drop of water, or a tiny bug.

24

ELISA MEREDITH NAZELEY, 17
Ithaca, N.Y.
"41"
"The Merits of Pecan Pie vs. One Less Smile"
A poem begins with a phrase I think of when I'm talking to friends, in bed, whatever. That phrase always becomes the first line, and I build from there. Very rarely do I write something I'm completely satisfied with, but I use poetry to sort out my thoughts, and as a release. Skim a poem, see a photograph, who's that girl?

RITA NEPTUNE

MARY MICHEL

64

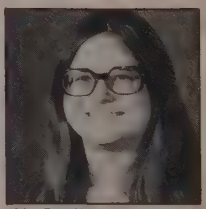
RITA NEPTUNE, 17
Farmersville, O.
"Portrait of My Little Sister"
I got my start in photography through my father who is a photographer. I have kept my interest because I have found that pictures convey feelings and moods more completely than words. "Portrait of My Little Sister" was inspired by wordless emotion.

1, 31

ESTELLA OWINGS, 16
Haddam, Conn.
"The Little Boy's Window"
"The Bones"
I really like making things because it gives me something to do while I think about things. It's so much easier to communicate to people through art than with words.

11

EVE PARKER, 13
Sioux Falls, S.D.
"The Minstrel"
I have enjoyed writing for the past few years. I've been encouraged by people around me and find it's a good way of expressing myself.



EVE PARKER

ESTELLA OWINGS

3, 7

ANDREA PEARSON, 17
Duluth, Minn.
"Songsmith I"
"My Mom"

The poem "My Mom" is one of my favorite poems. I gave it to my Mom for a gift, and she got all choked up—so did I! We both still do, too. She's a pretty neat lady. All my friends like my Mom—yesterday I was talking long distance to a friend, and I ended up relaying messages back and forth for my Mom. The poem is about a person I love very much, and some of the reasons why. "Songsmith I" is about writing. I think there are a lot of frustrations in writing—trying to avoid gut-spilling and sentimentality when dealing with purely emotional and subjective thoughts. The poem views poetry-writing as a craft, and a poem as something carefully and painstakingly constructed. Hopefully, a poem is both a thing of beauty and utility, a hand-made, hand-finished product with an individual touch.

18, 19

HEATHER McRAE PERKINS, 17
Portland, Ore.
"A Cry in the Wilderness"
"Rattlesnake Jake"
"Guardians at Hell's Gate"

Photography lets me capture feelings as they pass through the lenses of my eyes—to take a very real image and transform it into something very unreal. The visual world should not be limited to only one form of perception, nor should the world in general.

36

CAROL POTZMANN
Berkeley, Mo.
"Lady Whiskers of Blueberry II"

My papier-mâché sculpture was inspired by my own wire-haired terrier, Lady Whiskers of Blueberry. The project was done for art class in school, and I used "Whiskers" as a model. I am sorry to tell you "Whiskers" died this year. She would have been 13. Our family misses her, but are glad we have "Lady Whiskers of Blueberry II" to remember her.

39

MARGARET PURDY, 17
Media, Pa.
"Sir Gawain and the Caped Crusader"

I first began writing poetry in the second grade, and I have continued off and on through most of my school days. "Sir Gawain and the Caped Crusader" was a school assignment. Our senior Classics in Literature class had been studying *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, when we were instructed to write a parody of it using its alliterative form with the bob and wheel and so on. The idea for the story line came to me when I was watching old reruns of "Batman," and it occurred to me that Batman would be a perfect match for Gawain since he practiced the knightly virtues.

20

STEVEN SAWYER, 16
Brockton, Mass.
"Tribute to Jim Croce"

I have always been interested in art and I am studying to become an artist at the school I attend. In the last year I have become very interested in rock music and the rock stars who make it. One day when I had nothing better to do, I decided to do a picture of a rock star, and I've been doing them since.

6, 15

ELLIE SHOUN, 17
Bronson, Mich.
"Reflections"
Untitled

When I was in the eighth grade I bought a 35 mm camera and started processing my own film. I now have a darkroom at home and a more advanced camera. I enjoy taking and making pictures very much and am considering photography as a career. Most of my pictures are unposed. I think the photographs are much more natural when people are unaware you are shooting. And to take pictures without people being aware is a very challenging part of photography.

ANDREA PEARSON

MARGARET PURDY

STEVEN SAWYER

ELLIE SHOUN

CAROL POTZMANN

EATHER McRAE PERKINS

50

LAURA SIDDALL, 13
Cincinnati, O.
"Age"

Though I have a wonderful family and terrific friends, there are always the problems of growing up. I've found that when I'm down and depressed or even when I'm very happy, the most beautiful thing for me to do is read a poem that someone else has written, something I can identify with. I write poems, hoping that perhaps my words can help someone as others have helped me. In my writing I can express myself to others and also find out more about myself. I love my life and want to help others to be as happy as I am.

8, 27, 47

JIM SIKKEL, 19
"Sunshine After the Snow Storm"
"Grey Woods"
"Cease-Fire"

Poetry for me provides the simplest expression of incidents, concepts and attitudes. It helps me organize and define my thoughts and emotions. Playing with the sounds of word groups and with the images that unusual combinations serve is exciting.

16

YOLANDA SITJAR
Los Angeles, Calif.
"He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not"

I became extremely interested and fascinated with black and white photography through my fine arts teacher at high school. I'd take long morning walks and bike trips with my camera throughout parts of L.A. seeking to freeze and capture places or things in different perspectives of reality.

28

VIVIAN SMITH, 14
Middletown, Md.
"Loneliness"

I have always had problems expressing myself. I have found writing helps me. My poem "Loneliness" expresses a particular mood I was in. I wrote it one night while babysitting. After the first line, the others followed with very little work. I feel this poem doesn't only express the way I feel but the way I think other people feel too. I think this is the main reason I find joy in writing.

53

SUSAN STRAIGHT, 18
Norwich, N.Y.
Untitled

I have always been interested in the creative means of expression and communication. In acting, writing or painting, I find a useful means of expressing myself and of saying something to others. I first started writing poetry two years ago, when a teacher suggested that I enter a poetry contest. I was a winner and I have been writing poetry ever since.

36

PENNY THOMAS
Park Forest S., Ill.
"Reaching Hand"

I have been interested in art since grade school and have taken art courses throughout junior high and high school. I have kept a series of sketchbooks and my entry was taken from them. My sketches are done of things around me that I want to capture on paper. I have found drawing to be a very challenging and rewarding form of expression and hope to continue my studies in college.

LAURA SIDDALL

JIM SIKKEL

VIVIAN SMITH

SUSAN STRAIGHT

YOLANDA SITJAR

PENNY THOMAS

JULIA TIPTON

22

JULIA TIPTON, 15
Ames, Iowa
"Betrayal"

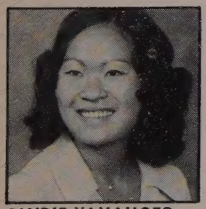
What I like about poetry is that I can express the spirit of my subject, rather than its superficial qualities. Poetry allows great freedom in rhythm and choice and placement of words, but it requires careful analysis of the thought one wants to put across.

37

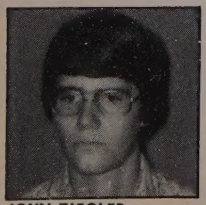
LISA WALKER, 17
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
"Being Indian Is . . ."

I am a Winnebago Indian. What inspired me to write this poem was the way I was feeling at the time. These are things that I do, think, see, feel, and hear in my everyday life. It explains my way of life. There are times when I am really down and out, yet times that I am on my natural high and feeling super great. There are times when I am really proud of what I am and times when some people hurt my pride. Living in the white world is hard for me, yet I keep on trying. It's just me.

LISA WALKER



SANDIE YAMAMOTO



JOHN ZIEGLER

2

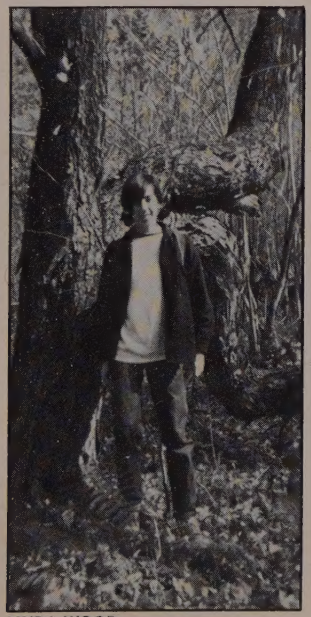
LINDA WOOD, 18
Dalton, Mass.
Untitled

I've always liked to draw. If I get an idea, I like to draw it out the way I see it, or change it so it is different and interesting to look at. My entries were just ideas, which I guess I get from watching things around me.

34

SANDIE YAMAMOTO, 18
Minatare, Neb.
"Thirst Quencher"
"Sweat of the Soil"

I became involved in photography through 4-H six years ago. It has enabled me to use my imagination creatively so that others as well as myself can enjoy stories told by photographs. I enjoy photographing people in their natural environments.



LINDA WOOD

45

LUCY YEOMANS, 17
Camp Hill, Pa.
Untitled, concrete poetry

I have enjoyed writing for the past four years. Mainly it was a hobby I kept to myself, but recently I took a creative writing course at school. I feel the course broadened my scope and intensified my poetry. Now I am writing more often. Each time the thoughts flow more smoothly and I feel my images are clearer. Writing has opened a new world for me. It allows me to stretch my imagination to the fullest.

4

JOHN ZIEGLER, 19
Affton, Mo.
"Why They Couldn't See the Trees"

I began writing poetry over four years ago. It's a form of expressing myself, and poetry is the art of the condensed message or image. I suppose all my writing—verse, prose and essay—is the search for something. "Why They Couldn't See the Trees" at first may sound anti-Christian, and in some ways it is. I may write like I'm an atheist, but I'm not. This poem is a statement against institutionalized religion, whether it be Christian, Buddhist, Jewish, Islamic or whatever. God is not man-made nor should "he" wear the trappings of artificial demagoguery, or materialistic symbolism. God is loving; God is people loving people loving life.

LUCY YEOMANS

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